Volume LX CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26, 1907 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"Courage, Brother!"

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God and do the right."
Do the right, do the right,
Trust in God and do the right.

Though the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary:
"Trust in God and do the right."
Do the right, do the right,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
"Trust in God and do the right."
Do the right, do the right,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God and do the right."
Do the right, do the right,
Trust in God and do the right.

—*Norman Macleod.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 259
The Book Harvest 260
Peace Publications 260
Illustrated Books 261
New Thought Books 261
Recent Arrivals 261
Pictures in the Fire—*Gerald Massey* 262
A Meadville Letter—F. A. Christie 262
CIVIC PIETY—The Needs of Chicago—
Frederick Greeley 263
Julian Mack 263
A Notable Ministry—A. Judson Rich 265
Dry Things 266
THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
Law Enforcement is State's Need—Rev. H. A. Miner. 267
THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notes—E. P. Powell 268
THE WATCH TOWER—W. B. T. 268
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—Confucius 269
Christmas Greeting—*John B. Tabb* 269
Candle Light—*Josephine Preston Peabody* 269
Independence in Christmas Giving—*Estelle M. Hart* 269
The Unused Toy—*Edith Virginia Bradt* 269
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 270

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1907 NUMBER 17

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Lord of the unknown year appointed me,
Maker of every day and night,
Still in its place, biding its time to be—
Keep Thou Thy hand upon the mystery,
Lift not the veil a moment from my sight:
Yet, step by step, as slow Thou leadest me,
Let there be Light!

—*Nancy Byrd Turner.*

We would not be ungracious during Christmas week or impugn the spirit of Santa Claus, but the sociological and economic violations of the season can best be studied at short range. This issue of UNITY will be given to the public one day after Christmas. It is a good time to ask, "has it all paid; was it worth while; did we have the money to spend and was the money spent on lines which the heart dictated; is there a better way; can we be more wise, more deliberate, more real, more far-seeing, and, on that account, more jolly next Christmas?"

Our Christmas exchanges come to us laden with poetry. This is a happy omen of the better times in religion and the wiser administration of the state, the saner economics, for after all it is the poets that are the most successful interpreters of both law and gospel. The carols unite where the creeds divide. The carolers inherit the inspirations of the centuries. We lament then the itching for novelty at Christmas services. A new carol, however excellent, falls short of caroling. There must be here association, familiarity, accumulation. Here is a conservatism which the most radical churches may do well to cultivate. All Souls Church at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday joined in the same Christmas service, the same historic carols that have engaged them at Christmas time for twenty-five years, and the songs and the sentences had gathered about them meanwhile a wealth of association and tender accumulations of memory which no "new" carols or "fresh" service could carry.

Voters unfortunately have short memories. The surprises and humiliations connected with the induction to office of the present mayor of Chicago have unfortunately promptly passed out of mind of most of the citizens of Chicago, but a wholesome reminder of the same has come in the recent ruling of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. So far as a decision of the Supreme Court can, it restores to office the five members of the School Board whom Mayor Busse proceeded promptly to "dismiss" for no other crime than that they did not agree with him in politics and did not reflect, as he assumed, the educational convictions of those who placed him in office. UNITY pointed out at the time that it was a high-handed, dangerous and unprecedented act. Now the highest tribunal in the state of Illinois has pronounced it an illegal act. It has lifted the public schools high out of the reach of partisan mayors or local politics, where they ought to be. Other than the citizens of the City of Chicago will be interested in the "What next?"

The Editor of *Charities* for December 21st graciously purloins, so far as the ethics of copyright will permit, its Christmas sermon from our friend Crothers' sermon in the December *Everybody's,* and *Charities* make such a wholesome comment upon its text that UNITY would be glad to appropriate to the use of its readers both the sermons in *Everybody's* and in *Charities,* and in so doing it would place itself in the Apostolic succession, for the best part of Mr. Crothers' sermon is borrowed from good Saint Augustine. This paragraph would seem to lay the venerable church father under grave suspicions; had he written in the twentieth century he would have been accused of plagiarizing Ruskin and of playing dangerously into the hands of the socialists. By the way, we know of no better "supplementary reading," as the grammar school pedagogues would say to UNITY, than this magazine entitled *"Charities and The Commons,"* of which Edward T. Devine is editor and Graham Taylor associate editor. Look up UNITY clubbing rates with *Charities.*

Dr. E. L. Rexford, for a long time pastor of the Universalist Church at Columbus, Ohio, has at last followed the logic of the situation and has organized the "ALL SOULS CHURCH" of Columbus, Ohio, a non-sectarian and non-dogmatic church. Of course, such a step will incur criticism and suspicion on the part of his old associates, but in all the denominations, orthodox as well as heterodox, there is a rapidly increasing body of men who deplore the sectarian badge and that denominational handicap that somehow makes the slender link of doctrine and denomination a more imperative band of fellowship than the nearer ties of pressing neighborhood duties and community obligations and privileges. In the effort to break the expensive thrall of sectarianism, to remove the one hundred and forty or more "divisions," most of them based on superficial and outgrown decisions, the independent church has an increasing part to play, the in-

dependency seeking to throw open the doors of the coming church as cordially and frankly towards the conservative citizen as towards the radical. Such a church will be a place for the orthodox man who wants the freedom of work as much as for the heterodox man who wants the freedom of thought. There are many roads that lead to fellowship heights and one high and inviting road is that taken by the All Souls Church of Columbus, and UNITY extends to it fraternal greetings and hearty good-will.

McClure's Magazine is one of the promptest of the January issues to reach our table, and it promises another year of the virility and independence which has made *McClure's* a leader in the past. The leading article on the "Navy" is as startling as it is humiliating. Doubtless "experts" will promptly fly to the rescue and "prove" its untruthfulness and unwisdom, and probably both sides will be right. The truth is that the fighting ships of the world are novelties largely untried. They represent vast, if not reckless, experimentation. The modern war ship has proven that the unexpected is certain to be expected in its story. The Announcement promises that Miss Milmine's studies of the life of Mrs. Eddy and the history of Christian Science is to be continued. Past revolts and the side schisms under the various phases of the "New Thought" movement are to come in for consideration. With the help of these articles, if not independent of them, the average intelligent mind is slowly dividing the subject and is able to discriminate between the psychological element in therapeutics, the healing power of mind, which is a commonplace fact to the philosophical student of both medicine and religion, from the feminine papacy, the system of exclusion, the arrogance represented by the assumption of "newness," of "special revelation," and the incidental denial of the equally commonplace and indisputable facts of the physical, the material element in therapeutics and the sanctity of matter as well as of spirit in the claims of religion and morals. The permanent truths in Christian Science are to be more cordially recognized as the passing denials and conceits are taken for what they are worth.

The battle for Sunday Closing in Chicago waxes warmer and warmer. The rulings of the judges, the attitude of the newspapers and apparently the overwhelming conviction of law-abiding citizens clearly recognize the fact that the State law, which is in force in all other parts of the state, is binding upon Chicago. This fact itself is so recognized by implication by the defense, as they persistently evade a trial by judges and seek instead to find relief by confounding and dividing juries. Of course, their appeal to the "foreign born" and the cry of "personal liberty" represent their popular power. But steadily the conviction must gain that law must be enforced as the only legitimate way of trying such law. If it is a bad one, let it be repealed; if it is a righteous one, let it be enforced. The blue law cry does not obtain for the basis of the present contention throughout the United States is a sociological and not a theological one, and the formidable foe the Sunday rest-day encounters is not the vicious drinking element or the inoffensive "moderate drinker," who wants his beer and who can have it under any closing law on the same condition that he has his roast beef or celery, viz., by ordering it on Saturday, but it is the tremendous combines of capital, the united strength of the brewers and distillers, who have made this cause their own and have put limitless capital behind all schemes that seek to delay, parry or defeat all direct attempts to settle the question upon its merit. Heretofore the mayors and the entire police forces of Chicago have been the humble, if not the willing, servants of these combines, but last Sunday afternoon at a large gathering of men held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre the Law and Order League of Chicago gave notice that every patrolman in the city would be held responsible for any neglect of duty in enforcing an obvious statute. This is his unquestioned duty, though the "chiefs" may slumber and the mayor skulk. In the attempt to force this decision the citizens of Chicago are liable to receive some practical instruction in civics. Let the contention go on until this mixed problem grows plain.

The Book Harvest—Continued

Peace Publications

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE CONGRESS, New York, April 14-17, 1907 (edited by the Secretary, Robert Erskine Ely, 23 West Forty-fourth Street, New York). This handsome volume, in paper wrappers, of 478 pages, is a model of typographical work and the contents is prophetic. Nine sessions, with two banquets, are here fully reported. The leading men and women of the nation here spoke out their heart upon the most fundamental problems and the faces of most of the speakers are here in evidence as well as their words. Nothing better could happen for the cause of economic prosperity, political purity, as well as for human brotherhood than to induce ten thousand of the business men, bankers and legislators, to read this volume deliberately through, skipping nothing, but allowing it all to settle in and to stir the brain cells. The opening word was given by our own Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago; Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Henrotin were also representatives. Prof. John Rhys, of Oxford, spoke for the universities and Samuel Gompers for the laboring men, and all along the line from the one to the other the notes are not only high and clear but they sound in unison. This symphony of speech promises a symphony of life in due time.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL PEACE CONGRESS, 1904. From the office of the Peace Congress in Boston, comes to us the proceedings of the Peace Congress of three

years ago, also notable in personnel and in utterance, but the growth is manifest.

Fifth Universal Peace Congress (Chicago, 1893). From the same source comes a bound copy of the proceedings of the Peace Congress held in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago. This was one of the few auxiliary congresses that had foresight enough to secure the publication of their proceedings before it was too late. To the student of the peace movement these three publications form an invaluable triology. At that World's Fair meeting the Rev. Philip S. Moxom was the Sunday preacher. In his memorable utterance he declared the truth that is so overlooked by President and Congress in these days.

"The possession of powerful weapons, such as the modern warships carry, is almost inseparable from a temptation to use them. Of what earthly use are these floating fortresses and colossal guns save for the hellish purpose of destroying human lives? Of what use are vast armies of economically unproductive men, drilled and uniformed and armed, save for the purpose of butchering each other in the shortest possible time? War is the *raison d'etre* of the soldier. The 'piping times of peace' are abhorrent to him, save as he is much more a citizen than a soldier, and then the unforced idleness or fruitless activity of military life are unspeakably irksome to him. In the present stage of human progress the true maxim 'If you desire peace, prepare for peace.'"

Illustrated Books

Round About Chicago, by Louella Chapin (Unity Publishing Company). Nothing more dainty in the way of illustration or more clear and satisfactory in letter text could well be asked for than this sympathetic revelation of beauty, serenity and dignity, even around Chicago. There is a cheap and unfounded assumption, on the part of Western globe-trotters even, that there is nothing worth looking at this side of the mountains; that Chicago is for business but not for beauty or for heart. This book is an adequate refutation. The author, an intelligent teacher of science in one of our High schools, has had no difficulty in discovering that

"Even in the mud and scum of (Chicago)
There alway, alway something sings."

Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border (G. P. Putnam's Sons). What Miss Chapin has done in a small way, Miss Katherine Abbott has done in a large, splendid way for Connecticut and the Deerfield and Berkshire country. This is the third of the charming volumes of this kind where the camera, the seeing-eye and the mind filled with legendary and historic lore conspire to shame the American who hastens with closed eyes across the sea in order to find things quaint, curious and beautiful in human life and nature.

"New Thought" Books

The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth (Progressive Literature Company), Henry Frank. This is a second and new edition of a book that first appeared six years ago. In a preface to the second edition the author is justifiably elated over the growth of religious thought during these six years. He is a fervid and sometimes florid antagonist of the old, but not without the inspiration of the new. If there were less of the debater and the denouncer in him, his affirmations would shine all the more clearly.

Living Ideals (Progressive Literature Company), by Eugene Delmar. A book that deals with the old fundamentals of love, the commonplaces of the Golden Rule, with the mystical touch that would seem to assume their novelty. The conclusions are wholesome and any road or author that will bring spirits there should be thanked.

What the Master Says to Me and Other Songs of Praise (Author's Edition), by Cassius M. Loomis. To use the author's phrase, here is a handful of "demonstrations." A layman has broken out into ten songs which, we understand, are soon to be wedded to music. We think the author would give to Christian Science credit for the inspiration and the thought. Aside from the fact that the lines are haunted with an attempt to reinstate the mystical Christ without studying or probably understanding the relation this new phrasing of an old thought bears to modern science and criticism, there is nothing new. It is one more attempt to hymn the faith of love and the trust in God, which was done so masterfully by the good Quaker poet Whittier, whose centennial has been sung by the representatives of many creeds but the one religion of love and loyalty.

Recent Arrivals

Since our round-up last week there has come to our table "Letters to American Boys" (American Unitarian Association), by Prof. William H. Carruth, vice-chancellor of the University of Kansas. This is a reprint from the Household Library, through the kindly permission of P. F. Collier & Son, and a right wholesome, virile book it is. Carruth, though now a sage professor, is still so much of a boy that he knows his subject. The very titles are compelling: "Pick Up Your Manners," "Don't Be a Mule," "The Gang," "Animals as Friends," "On Farming," and many more taking subjects are handled by Uncle William in a right wholesome fashion.

Tarbell's Geographical Manual (Bobbs-Merrill Company) is one more of the many admirable helps offered to the parents who are always asking for aid in interesting their children in Bible subjects. The subject is too large to be covered by any one book, but it is not difficult to form a book shelf of a few small and cheap books that will accomplish much in the hands of the painstaking and studious parents, nothing in the hands of the parents who are looking for a parental substitute. This little book is not an unworthy companion to "Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived," by J. Estlin Carpenter, and W. C. Gannett's "Wicket Gate" (Unitarian Sunday School Society).

Theodore Parker's Works, centenary edition. Here are three handsome volumes of the long-waited-for complete and definitive edition of Theodore Parker's works, and they promise all that the heart could wish when the edition is complete, including, as we premise, twelve or more volumes. George Willis Cooke has edited and furnished the notes for the volumes entitled "The American Scholar" and "The World of

Matter and the Spirit of Man," while Thomas Wentworth Higginson has rendered similar service to the epoch-marking book, "A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion." This is not the place to attempt a review of these pregnant volumes. The two discourses on Theodore Parker recently published in UNITY, from the hand of the late lamented Henry Simmons, were offered as our introduction to this notable edition of a most notable man's work. Whether another generation will find in Parker the inspiration and the revelation that the contemporary generation did remains to be seen. The present writer is among those who all these years have fondly clung to the faith that Theodore Parker would find another constituency, that he would again enter upon a campaign of the spirit when the Christian ministry of America would have caught up with him. Perhaps this is not to be. Scholar as he was, he may have been too much engrossed in current problems and in doing things to create perennial literature. Be that as it may, we give grateful welcome to these volumes and believe that they only will escape their charm and benediction who are too busy or too indifferent to lend themselves to the fascinating pages. Whatever others may think, we will think these volumes a noble Christmas gift to literature.

Pictures in the Fire

The recent mining disasters in Pennsylvania call to mind the sympathetic poem by Gerald Massey on a similar occurrence, from which we print some stanzas. EDITORS.

A tear for those who, in that night,
  Went down so unavailingly;
A cheer for those who fought our fight,
  And missed the victory!
Peace to the good true hearts that gave
A moral glory to that grave!

We know not how in that quick hour
  Some poor, uncultured human clod
May have put forth its one sweet flower,
  Acceptable to God:
Or how the touch of Death revealed
Some buried beauty life concealed:

We only know the watch-fires burned
  Long in their eyes for human aid,
And failed, and then to God they turned,
  And altogether prayed,
And that the deepest Mine may be,
For prayer, God's whispering Gallery!

Dear God, be very pitiful
  To these poor toiling slaves of men;
Be gracious if their hearts be dull
  With darkness of their den:
'Tis hard for flowers of Heaven to grow
Down where the earth-flowers cannot blow!

Their lives are as the Candle-snuff,
  Black in the midst of its own light!
Let hard hands plead for spirits rough—
  They work so much in night.
Be merciful, they breathe their breath
So close to danger, pain, and death.

The love-mist in a Father's eye
  Must rise and soften much that's rude
In his poor children—magnify
  The least faint gleam of good!
O, find some place for human worth
In Heaven, when it has failed on Earth.

—*Gerald Massey.*

A Meadville Letter

The Meadville Theological School is enjoying a season of marked intellectual and moral prosperity. An increase in the number of the students, with definite expectations of additional growth a year hence, acts as an increase of intensity in the processes of school life. The faculty has been signally strengthened by the coming of Dr. Henry Preserved Smith to the chair of Old Testament Literature, and our community rejoices in the acquisition of his authoritative scholarship and spiritual influence. A happy innovation of the present year is that the members of the faculty are placed upon the list of preachers for the midweek service of the school and thus find expression for religious utterance which may supplement the methods of the class-room. We rejoice also in the zealous and fruitful activity of a body of the students who have undertaken the work of undenominational religious ministration and preaching in somewhat neglected country neighborhoods within reach of Meadville. The influence of such a work should be to maintain a larger social conception of the ministry of religion and correct any possible disproportion of denominational zeal.

The broader social problems have been emphasized to our attention in recent weeks. The opening address of the year by Prof. N. P. Gilman, presenting the fruit of observation and study during his recent leave of absence in Europe, dealt with the timely topic of Socialism as seen in its present tendencies in European lands. European socialism as seen by Professor Gilman is marked by less exclusive insistence on the abolition of private business and is steadily transforming itself into an opportunist party of social reform, acting at the same time to reform the older Liberalism into something less individualistic. This subject has also been presented in the past week by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Phelps-Stokes, of New York, who, lecturing on the Adin Ballou foundation, attracted large and interested audiences to their expositions of the moral case for Socialism and the reasonable opportunism of the Socialist political party. The personality of these visitors exalts the ideal of consecrated social service in the life of those who meet them. We are now awaiting an exposition of the higher municipal ideals by Dr. Frederick Howe, distinguished by his published studies in municipal programmes and methods and by his practical experience in the progressive policies of the city of Cleveland.

While the life of the Meadville school is never stagnant, new currents of interest are continually set in motion by these valuable lectures, wisely secured from visitors of many different pursuits and tendencies. The opening weeks of the present year brought us the privilege of visits from distinguished delegates to the International Council—the Rev. Valentine D. Davis, of London; Rev. N. Jozan, of Buda-Pesth, and Mr. Saichiro Kanda, of Tokio. Their addresses made us aware that the ideals and interests actuating us are the ideals and spiritual forces of many lands. Mr. Kanda, who was once a student in the Meadville Theological School, made a graceful expression of his grateful loyalty. He presented to the school a charming bronze representing a nurse carrying a child. This symbolized the fostering influence of our American school upon the young liberal school in Tokio. Our school is glad to exhibit this beautiful work of art as a symbol of its own wide influence.

F. A. CHRISTIE.

Civic Piety—The Needs of Chicago

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 7, 8 P. M., FREDERIC GREELEY PRESIDING, CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASTORATE OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES. STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MARY M. LEPPO.

FREDERICK GREELEY, CHAIRMAN.

The flower and culmination of all this culture and refinement and philanthropy in Chicago was the Play Festival held by the Play Grounds Association of Chicago last June 21 at Ogden Park for the entertainment of the delegates to the convention of the National Play Grounds Associations of America. On that occasion some 1,500 children and young people were assembled in groups of from twenty to fifty from schools, settlements, play-grounds, or neighborhood centers from all parts of the city, all in good order and condition, and went through with their several games, dances or other stunts, with enjoyment and zest and good will.

No rough housing, no horse play, no self-conscious shirking, but earnest, free, participation and comradeship. Some of us organized an amateur water brigade to fetch water to the parched little mouths waiting in the hot sun. Even here was no crowding nor hustling, but all waiting their turn, the little chaps pushing the littler ones to the front and the bigger ones waiting with their tongues hanging out for the next round of the bucket; and I wonder how these little democrats were so much gentler and better mannered than many of their little aristocrat brothers in the more favored wards. For I have rarely seen a children's party of the well-to-do where there was not more or less rough-house or guying. Then I thought of a wise, gentle, strong judge in the Juvenile Court with his company of patient, tireless Probation Officers, and the great, sweet-natured, women and men in the Settlements, all working to make helpful, hopeful citizens out of these little derelicts. And I said—"at last Chicago is coming into her own—for it is not the libraries nor the university, nor the pictures; no, nor even the music, but the doing 'unto the least of these' little ones that is bringing her into The Kingdom."

And Julian Mack has come to tell us how it will come.

JULIAN MACK, JUDGE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT, CHICAGO.

It is a pleasant task to say a word or two about and for the children on an occasion such as this. Chicago's citizens have many serious problems. The tasks that confront every serious-minded man and woman who feels the duty of helping others, are truly enormous and we approach them in a more or less hopeless way. They loom up so big, and one who feels the sense of duty in the true spirit appears to himself if not to others, so small. And then too the work of curing the present ills for the present generation sometimes seems hardly worth while. We feel there is so much that we might as well let each man fight along for himself as best he can. The mere curing does not satisfy the thoughtful and sympathetic mind.

What appeals to us is not so much to make things better for those of our generation as to build for the future. We all love our children infinitely more than we love ourselves; we want them to come into a better Chicago than that in which we are living. And even if we think only of our selfish love for our own children, we shall be impelled to do what we can to make Chicago a real home for them. But if we are filled with the broader love for our fellowmen, even though we have no children or descendants, we shall think of all the children in the city and we shall say that for their sake, for the sake of the coming generation and the future generations, for those little ones who cannot help themselves, we are going to do what we can so that they may have a better chance to grow up into decent citizenship than our own generation has had.

And that is a hopeful feeling. When we go to work to build for the future, not merely to cure, but to construct for all time, we go at it with energy and spirit. And when we are doing this for the children we shall do it the more eagerly because we feel that we are helping those that cannot help or speak for themselves.

And so there is a tremendous comfort and pleasure in all work that pertains to the children, and, as the Chairman has just said, proud as Chicago can be of what it has done, what it has accomplished, not only in material lines but in intellectual, in artistic ways, prouder still ought it to be that in the thought for and care of the children, Chicago is at least trying to lead the world. For here, this juvenile court idea started; our good women stand sponsor for it; other states followed in quick succession, but Illinois paved the way. And while the work of the juvenile court, because of its appeal to the sympathies of the community, is much exaggerated and those who have been fortunate enough to be its judges are tremendously overpraised for simply doing their duty, yet it does mean something real; it is a new thought in our civilization. For until we had the juvenile courts, the law knew practically no distinction between the child and the adult who had broken one of its commands. The child that had reached the age of criminal responsibility, in Illinois the age of ten years, was treated in exactly the same way as an adult. Minors could not, of course, deal with their property; that was far too sacred to be handled by the child; but their own souls they could deal with and condemn and the state, instead of staying their hands and preventing it, assisted in the condemnation. For, if the child broke the law it was arrested, thrown into the station house, sent over to jail, there to await trial, brought into court and tried, and but one question was asked: Have you done the particular act with which you are charged? If so, you will be punished. The great state demands vindication for the wrong done to it, even by the little child. And before the awful sentence is pronounced, sometimes during the months of waiting, the child would be brought into contact with the lowest of humanity,—the harlots, the drunkards, the thieves, that infest the station house and the jail, with but little thought on the part of the state, for the welfare or future of the child. True, in time there was in a measure, a physical separation, but that was not even complete. A little school was started in the jail itself so that the children might get some instruction while awaiting their doom, but even here they saw and heard things that no child should be permitted to see or to hear. And then in the end the state punished them and sent them to prison, put the seal of condemnation on them, criminalized them, branded them with a brand that could never be removed. But that is a matter of the past, thank God. Today we do not try to punish the child; do not ask merely,—Have you done this particular thing? We try to find out what the child is and how it has become what it is. And while we are finding that out we do not let the child mingle with the outcast of society. If it cannot be trusted in its own home, we have now provided a detention

home with a school so that its education shall not be interrupted; a place where it has moral surroundings, where, from the very start, uplifting influences will be brought into its life. And when the child comes before the court the inquiry is, What are you and how have you become what you are, and who is responsible for your becoming what you are? And when the court finds out as best it can the answer to these questions it no longer says, Now to jail with you for a definite period so that you may pay the penalty for your acts, whether you are at bottom morally corrupt or whether you are the victim of circumstances. If the child cannot be sent home, if its parents are unfit to train it further, if the help of the state through the probation officer and all the friendly assistance that the court has been able to obtain from all the philanthropic organizations in the city are not sufficient to train it into good citizenship, then the state takes it in hand. The Juvenile Court sends the child, not to a prison, with its cells, but to a school, so that its education may be completed. What the young need is training, education, not punishment, not imprisonment, and what the Juvenile Court tries to give to the child is a school where there will be a great opportunity for classification, where the children can be kept more or less separate, according to age, according to degrees of moral delinquency and habits, where those who come from the slums of the city and do not know what cleanliness and fresh air mean, may come in contact with mother earth and breathe the fresh air of the country; where those who have never known what decent amusement is, whose lives have been tied up to the play of the streets and the attractions of the saloons and the penny arcades of the worst type and the similar things that infest these districts, may learn what real recreation is,—the pleasures of books and of music, as well as of athletic sports and team work; where those who have never had a chance to get a real thorough industrial training that would fit them for their life's work, might be taught a trade so that when they come out they will no longer be the loafers of the street but the artisans able to earn their own living and with the proper moral, physical and mental stimulus to want to earn their own living.

That is what the juvenile court is assuming to do; I wish I could say that we are doing it, but we are not; and we are not doing it because Chicago is not doing its duty to its children. This sort of a school that I have just talked about, the only kind to which the juvenile court ought to send any child, the only kind that is within the spirit of the law, is not provided for most of the children that are sent away. Some of them are fortunate enough to go to St. Charles, which the state of Illinois has provided for all the children of the state, to which Cook County may send perhaps 150 boys. Here the right kind of training is given. The rest of them have to go away, to the John Worthy School, a part of the House of Correction of the city of Chicago,—separated, it is true, from the place in which the adults are confined, by a brick wall, but in many respects only a prison. True, the children get a public school education there, but after school hours they are under the prison guards. They are surrounded by a brick wall; they are in the city,—no opportunity for country life, no opportunity for real trade work, and no thought in the mind of the child that he is being raised up. The thought in the mind of each one of them is that the state is punishing him and putting him down. And it is up to us, the citizens of Chicago trying to do some good work, engaged in this constructive co-operation, Dr. Favill has happily phrased it, it is up to us to see to it that the city council of the city of Chicago provides the proper school for these boys so that the next generation may not be a generation of criminals, grown up from a lot of merely wild boys, but a generation of decent men grown up from a lot of wild boys, taken in hand at the proper time and given the proper training.

But even this is only palliative, not curative work. The real work in the world, as I said before, is to prevent these wrongs; it is, to get Chicago into a condition that the children will not have to be brought into the juvenile or any other court; that life may be made such in this city that the temptation to wrongdoing on their part will so far as possible be taken away. Of course we shall never until the millennium reach that stage of civilization, when crime and wrongdoing will be eradicated from the world. But each one of us can do much to make conditions better, and with the active, thoughtful co-operation of all of the decent men and women great results can be attained.

Take the problem of our girls. We hear a good deal about the dance halls, the saloon dance halls, and their terrible influences. We hear of the number of young girls gone wrong. But let us pause and consider and see whether they or we are to blame. Take the young girl of 17 or 18, working all day long at a small salary, going home—Home?—two or three rooms with six or eight or ten people occupying them, on a street, not like our boulevards, but neglected by the city, filthy and dirty, because these people cannot demand their rights,—going home, I say, into the miserable hovels that so many of them must live in,—and what does that young girl of 17 want? She cries out, as our girls cry out, for change and recreation. We give it to our girls; we see to it that they enjoy themselves in a decent way and under decent influences. The ideas of our girls may be more refined than those of their sisters; these simply know that they want some pleasure. They go out into the streets; there, where the lights are bright and music strains enticing; and that to them typifies joy and happiness; they come under the spell, not from love of lust but from the very joy of life. They go into the improper dance halls and are ruined. Let us provide the proper places for them; let us see that they can satisfy their natural cry for pleasure and recreation in a proper and decent way, and 99 out of 100 will choose the good and avoid the bad. In Chicago we are beginning to do things. Here on this great South Side we have small parks, we are perfecting these recreation centers for the boys and girls; we are providing the places where they can have their fun, where they do not have to play on the streets to the annoyance of the neighbors and with the certainty of coming into contact with the policemen and getting into trouble. And here too we give the girls the opportunity of meeting their friends, of dancing, of reading and of having many of the other pleasures of life.

We cannot extend this sort of thing too far or too much. Let all the other sections of the city have it just as we are having it. And then Chicago has such great centers as Abraham Lincoln Centre, The Hull House, the Commons and the many other settlements ministering to the young people in their immediate vicinities.

These are the real uplifting influences; these are the newer movements in our civic life that make one proud to be a citizen of Chicago, and happy to live at this time and in this generation. The spirit to help it along by taking a personal interest, is in the air. To

some the appeal to go into politics fails to strike a responsive chord; to none ought the cry, Help the children! fall upon deaf ears; that cry should stimulate every man and woman. There are many ways in which we can help. There are thousands of orphan children waiting for homes. No greater encouragement has been given to the people of Chicago than in the oft repeated appeal of our leader, Mr. Jones, in urging for the orphan child the substitution of the home for the asylum. Many of you and your friends lack the music of a child's laughter in your own homes. You can supply that music, and there is nothing that will warm your hearts as much, there is nothing that will make you better citizens so quickly, and those of you who have children of your own can take a friendly interest at least in these other little ones. Do not fear to bring them into contact with your own children. These cannot get too much democracy to fit them for life in the coming America; they cannot mingle too much with the children of all kinds and all classes, if they are to be citizens, able and fit to cope with the problems that are going to confront them in manhood. Bring some of those children from the other sections into your homes and you will do yourselves and your own children a lasting good. And each man and woman who really feels the true spirit of that phrase that passes the lips so easily, is not so often the spirit of human brotherhood can evidence it best by giving not merely money but something of his heart, of his thought, of his time, something of himself to some other family that knows not what life really means,—and that needs the friendly stimulus and advice as much as if not more than material help.

The juvenile court or the philanthropic societies can give each of you abundant scope for the exercise of your altruistic tendencies.

And then there is so much that can be done in advancing the work of our public schools. I shall not touch upon the question of the Bible in the schools, because I might differ in opinion from the last speaker. But there are other things which we can all agree ought to be done in the public schools. I am not at all a socialist, but I am not afraid of advocating measures, even though some of our conservatives call them socialistic, for in the end our entire public school system is in a sense socialistic. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing right. If the state is going to take a hand in the training of the children and their education it ought to do it thoroughly. Chicago ought not to lag behind New York and Boston in seeing to it that every child that comes into the public school is subjected to a thorough physical and mental examination so that it may be determined at the outset and all along the career, whether the child has any physical or mental defects that prevent him from doing his work properly. We are not doing that as yet in our public schools. Unfortunately too many of the parents, particularly of the poorer class, do not realize the necessity for these examinations, or neglect them. The child whose sight or hearing or breathing may be defective, cannot keep up in its work; the teacher with fifty-five or so children in her room cannot give the necessary care to each individual; a lack of harmony ensues, truancy begins, and truancy is the first step towards delinquency which if not checked becomes criminality and leads in the end to the penitentiary. We are not doing our duty by these children in not curing them or compelling the parents to cure them at the right time.

But we are awaking, we are full of the right spirit in Chicago; we are doing things; we are no longer asleep. The Municipal Voters' League and the great work that it has done for the last ten years has fully demonstrated this. If we nod, we must be re-awakened and re-stimulated; the church must never cease to arouse us. Only by a continual exercise of the right spirit, by active work, can we advance. We are on the right path. No man can sit for three years in the juvenile court without being an optimist; much of the misery of life is seen there. But the helpful spirit that is going to change all that is also greatly in evidence. We know that the forces for good are at work and if we but keep it up, keep aroused and stimulate our neighbors, the day will come when, in the words of that poet whom Mr. Jones loves so much, we can all exclaim:

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world!"

A Noble Ministry

TO COURTLEY YARDLY DE NORMANDIE ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Hail, dearest brother, on thy natal day,
With eighty years of splendid life complete!
May light illume thy further untried way,
Smoothed and made easy for thy weary feet.

Most nobly hast thou wrought these fourscore years,
To make triumphant reason, truth, and right,
By love's sweet thrall supplanting hurtful fears,
Thine own strength greatened by the Spirit's might.

Touched by love's chrism thy lips doth joyful speak
In chorus clear to children's children still,
The sad to comfort and make strong the weak,
Fulfilling thus the gospel of good will.

Tenderly hast thou preached the blessed Word,
Souls precious shaping to divinest ends,
Not least by impress from thyself conferred,
The holiest message Heaven to mortals sends.

Thine earnest soul enkindled to bright flame,
Hath spoken truly with a prophet's tongue,
Inspiring thoughts of purpose and of aim,
Of life's inviting gateway open flung.

Like the Good Shepherd thou hast led thy flock
By waters still and pastures rich and green,
As under cooling shadow of a rock
From all ills guarded by the Power unseen.

Thy people venerate and love thee well,
The riper age making the tie more dear,
Of richer sheaves thy ministry to tell,
Happy to know and have thee ever near.

Thou hast made good a pastor's noble love,
Solacing sorrows oft, and poignant grief,
Pointing all souls to God's sure home above,—
To those who doubt and fear bringing relief.

Deeper thy sympathy that thine own heart
Hath bled, and shadows many hath hung low;
Thou knowest well how bitter is the smart,
And how to soothe the pain of others woe.

Not to be served,—to serve thy highest task;
For human weal to work, for God to live;
For ease, nor glory wouldst thou deign to ask,
But simply, if need be, thyself to give.

"The Pure in Heart" thy best Beatitude;
In Jesus' steps to walk thy chosen way,
Loving the True, the Beautiful, the Good—
Thy brow to crown with more than leaves of bay!

Dighton, Mass. A. JUDSON RICH.

Eternal Mother

Helpless I, thrust into life,—
Then Great Love caught me with outstretched arm.
She waits me now when broken in the strife—
Chiding my vain alarm.

Sauk Center, Minn. —JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

In the Forties

I am not ashamed to confess that through the late thirties I looked forward with fear and trembling to my fortieth birthday anniversary. All women are more or less reluctant to turn that fatal corner, and I was no exception to the rule. What then was my joy, when the crucial moment came, to find a new vista of happiness opening before me. With a new sense of freedom in life I saw with clarified vision the larger possibilities and advantages of the forties.

Of course I was eager to tell my younger sisters the surprise that was in store for them. I suggested to them that the face of a woman of forty has a beauty of character far more interesting than superficial prettiness; that her poise is more graceful, her manner more assured, her tact more ready, her sense of fitness more trustworthy than in earlier years. I showed how she could be a far more important factor in society than a younger woman. I explained how wide a range of friendships is possible to a woman of forty. She can adapt herself to younger people as well as to older. She has not forgotten the interests of youth, and can easily anticipate those of later life. Experience has given her a mine of resources from which to draw. She has something for everybody. She can literally be all things to all men.

Time has passed since I had this first glimpse of quadragenarious joys. I am now getting on well into the forties and my hopes have been more than realized. Every day I find the value of life deepening. Every day I am thankful for some long-ago experience which helps me to understand the needs of those about me. Every day I rejoice in the widening of sympathies, and the increase of friendships. Many of the embarrassments and difficulties which beset me in the thirties have dropped from me. I get on better with children because I am now really interested in them. I count more men among my friends, having learned that they like to be treated like other human beings. In short, I have lost the desire to be like everybody else, and am no longer afraid to be myself.

Certain discoveries I have made by the way seem to me worth recording. I am learning how the various interests of life fall into their true relations in this period. In the buoyancy of youth I used to like many things equally well and hardly knew my own preferences. An indefatigable zeal possessed me to have everything worth having. Now I have come to realize that no life is long enough, and no individual strong enough for such an ambition. So, while touching life in a certain sense at more points than ever, I am learning to concentrate energy on the real things.

It is true that many old prejudices have vanished, and my opinions are far more tolerant, but on the other hand my own standards of value are becoming fixed. I no longer undertake to say what others should do, but I am more clear in my mind what is best for myself. To come thus into one's own is the secret of true serenity, and this is the dearest prerogative of the forties.

I am indeed sorry for that woman of forty who still thinks that she must pretend to like what she hates, and to scorn what she secretly enjoys. Unfortunately there are many of her kind. We meet them at every afternoon tea, and we see them in the woman's club. Unhappy is she who goes to bridge parties when she would rather do fancy work at home, or who sits through long lectures while yearning for bridge. The pathetic mistake is in fancying that it is this sort of thing that keeps one young. "I am losing my enthusiasms," was the sad complaint of one woman of forty-five, who was heroically boring herself to death with young people's pursuits in the vain hope of recapturing the vanished treasure.

It behooves us to consider soberly how we may avert such a danger. Where can one draw the line between the enthusiasms which last, and those which slip away with the years? What sort of interests insure perpetual youth? Certainly it must be chiefly the concerns affecting the happiness of others. In forty years one gets so tired of one's self. A self-centered life cannot fail to pall. Only in projecting one's self into others does the fascination of living persist. It all comes, of course, to the truism that "the greatest thing in the world" is love. Forty years ought to be a long enough time in which to get hold of this working principle, and then one is ready to begin.

So I believe more and more in the unfolding beauty of life. As the forties are better than the thirties, so I expect in due time to find the fifties still better, and so on to the end.—*By a Quadragenarian, in the Congregationalist.*

Dry Things

"Somebody sent me 'Sesame and Lilies' for a birthday present," a bright young girl told me. "I supposed that I should hate Ruskin, but really," with surprise, "he is delightful!"

A week later she overtook me on the street. "You like morning walks. May I go with you tomorrow—early—before breakfast?" "Yes," I replied, smiling at her earnest crescendo and rosy cheeks, "I shall be delighted; but what restless spirit has been pricking you? Did you ever in your life see the sun rise?"

"That is just it. Do not for the world let the girls know, but I have been reading Browning a little. Why do people talk so about his hidden meanings? That description of the sunrise, who could not understand that? Understand—why, it is as easy as Longfellow, and—now I want to see it!"

The next morning she was waiting for me at the gate. "It is well that Browning rang the bell. I should have taken another nap for all anybody else. Just see the dew on the grass! Why, it is like rain. And hear those birds sing! I should like to run. Everybody is asleep, can't we have a race? What fun this is! And I have always thought that if one thing were worse than another it was getting up in the morning. See those clouds breaking; now I *must* say it:

"'Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay:
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away,
But forth one wavelet, then another curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world."

There was a mist over the child's eyes. Ruskin is right, I said to myself, when he wonders, not at what men suffer, but at what they lose.

My companion was silent while we walked down the hill. As we turned towards her home she said suddenly: "I shall never dare say again that I dislike history, or that I cannot endure Thackeray, or that the old paintings in the galleries are hideous. I shall be discreetly silent about things I cannot appreciate; for I believe now that dry things are just things we do not know enough about to care for."—*From "If I Were a Girl Again."*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Law Enforcement is State's Need

BY REV. H. A. MINER.

The tenth meeting of the Wisconsin Federation of Churches and Christian Workers has just closed its sessions with a thrilling address by Superintendent U. G. Humphrey, of the Anti-Saloon League, Milwaukee, before a fine audience in the Congregational church.

President Edward D. Eaton, D. D., of Beloit, gave an excellent address last evening setting before his audience in his well-known impressive manner some of the political corruptions of the present time and the forces in college and church that are fitted to correct and build up the civic life of the state and the obligation of educated Christian citizens to make their power felt in behalf of civic righteousness.

The papers and discussions of this morning related to the lines of co-operation upon which we can agree to press upon the attention of ministers and churches connected with this federation. Able papers and addresses were given by Rev. H. W. Talbot, of De Pere; Rev. F. W. W. Pugh, of Sparta, and F. W. Hatch, of Beloit.

In the afternoon Mr. William H. Lighty, of Madison, gave an excellent address on the correlation of forces that make for the higher life, impressing us with the variety and power of forces possible that are within our reach.

Rev. Olympia Brown Willis, of Racine, represented the W. C. T. U. very ably. Other able addresses were made, giving interest and impulse to the federation movement.

Ripon college gave us the use of its chapel, and the service at college prayers was led by Dr. Lean, president of the Federation, with a short address by Superintendent Humphrey, of the Anti-Saloon League. It was an interesting service, and the students seemed delighted. The college is having an unusual growth.

The following resolutions were passed:

We are deeply grateful for the evidences that are presented from various parts of the state that the principles of federation are being put into practical operation. We note that weak churches are uniting, making strong and efficient factors in the kingdom of God. Some churches, while retaining their denominational organization and affiliations are uniting in worship under one pastor, thus saving men and money and exhibiting to their communities the spirit of the Master; also in several places the overcrowding of new towns has been prevented by the very existence of this federation. We reaffirm most heartily the action taken by this body one year ago to secure the massing of religious forces in overchurched communities.

We recommend the appointment of a committee consisting of Rev. D. W. Hulbert, Wauwatosa, chairman; Rev. L. C. Smith, Waukesha; Rev. H. W. Carter, Beloit; Rev. T. D. Williams, Oshkosh; W. J. Hilman, Ashland, and the secretary of the A. M. S. S. Union, of Madison, for the following service:

To ascertain the present conditions of church work in all towns under 10,000 throughout the state and all facts bearing upon the same.

With these facts before them the committee are asked to designate such towns as they may consider to be overchurched and such places as may be in need of increased religious privileges and report to this body at its next meeting.

LAW ENFORCEMENT DEMANDED.

We have been more than pleased to note from the daily press the increasing spirit of coöperation among the churches to secure law enforcement by the officials of our municipalities. More and more the cities are enforcing the Sabbath laws and restricting official connivances at the open violation of the law. We urge continued and persistent efforts in every municipality to secure enforcement of the laws, always remembering that failures in the past are properly but incitements to renewed effort. We would be untrue to our convictions did we not recognize in the Wisconsin Anti-Saloon League an efficient power behind the throne, rousing the churches in this active crusade for law enforcement.

We also congratulate the league upon its great victory in securing the residence district local option law, also the law making possession of a United States tax receipt for the sale of alcoholic beverages prima facie evidence of sale.

We most heartily favor the enactment of a county option excise law by the next legislature, and would request the different denominational and reformed state bodies to take such action as shall forward the movement in our state.

—*From Madison Journal.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

From Henry Holt & Co. I have got at least one good novel—a truly uplifting book. It is "Growth," by Granal Travers (Margaret Todd, M. D.). There is not too much of the analytic, but the characters are well drawn, and the moral purport of the novel is rightness.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, I have two little volumes that have a large amount of inherent worth, "The Lincoln Year Book" and the "Franklin Year Book." I doubt whether any two persons will ever make the same selections from great authors, and as a rule such selections are not of high literary worth. However, these little books are admirably gotten up, and the editor's work is very creditable. In all ways I should say that they make charming gift books at a moderate cost.

From Appleton I have received one of the great books of the year, the joint work of our friends, President Jordan and Professor Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University. The book is entitled "Evolution and Animal Life," and is a discussion of the facts and the laws relating to the evolution of animals. This is a book to direct investigation and thinking along right lines. It is a solid argument from beginning to end, and yet it is a book of investigation. I can give the authors' chapters full of this sort of investigation, from my own field work. I think I could supplement some of the chapters. So might a large number of the new farmers of the day.

From the Macmillan Company I get one of the good novels—the very rare good novels of the year—"The Little City of Hope," a Christmas story by Marion Crawford. Get it and read it.

From the same house I get "Comrade John," by Merwin and Webster, joint authors. These authors have not lived long enough. They are writing before they feel. They must get hold and live and work, and rejoice and suffer, and then they will have some novel writing to do. We have too many of these ready-made authors.

From the same company I have "The Christ That Is to Be." There is a lot in this book. It is intensely religious but very frankly free thinking. I would say get this book and read it; feel it; live it. It is a noble book.

When I say that from the same house I have Frederick Harrison's last book, "The Philosophy of Common Sense," every reader of UNITY will know that I have one of the best books of the year. It is not Mr.

Harrison's best book, but it holds a great deal of his best thoughts.

From Scribner's I have received another good, strong novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," by Edith Wharton. Her characters are superbly drawn and her purpose in writing is distinct as well as beneficent. Yet I do not call it a *great* novel—it is simply one of the best of the year.

And now I come to the very best book on Nature study that has been produced for many a year. It is "American Birds," by William Lovell Finley, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. I have an armful of this sort of books, but not one to compare with this—in beauty of illustration, in charm of style, and in shrewdness of observation. I suppose Mr. Roosevelt, like the butcher bird, will spike Mr. Finley on the fake thorn. All the same, it is one of the books that you will enjoy from beginning to end, and be the better for reading—which is more than I can say for our excellent President's books.

I cannot say quite as much for the literary style of the next book on the table, which is "In Wildest Africa," by C. G. Schillings, and published by Harper & Bros. It is a little rough in the translation, but it is one of the really remarkable books of travel. The illustrations make up more than half the volume, and they are not only a marvel of art, but they open up to us a new world. In spite of all that has been written on Africa, of late, this book is as fresh as the work of Mungo Park was when it was first published. I believe that Mr. Roosevelt likes this book. Whether he does or not, it is a very remarkable production.

E. P. POWELL.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Lord Kelvin.

The death of Lord Kelvin at the ripe age of 83 removes one of the world's greatest scientists. Like Newton, his specialty was mathematics and physics, and like Newton also he was a devout Christian believer. His name is associated with such fundamental scientific doctrines as the law of the conservation of energy, the vortex-ring theory of matter, and the theory of a universal ether. The list of his inventions would be a long one. Men like him are among those who have made the world what it is to-day.

Chicago Milk Trust.

The recent concerted advance in the price of milk in Chicago has led to an investigation by the Grand Jury. The leading milk dealers came before the jury, and made statements freely in regard to their association, which they evidently believed was a perfectly legitimate one. Upon these statements more than a dozen corporations and individuals have been indicted. It is to be hoped the dealers will meet the petit jury in the same spirit, keeping back nothing, and saying in effect, "Gentlemen, this is what we have done; if it be criminal, put us behind the bars." It is doubtful, however, if such prosecutions indicate the lines along which any real progress is to be made in dealing with such monopolies. The present writer reiterates his opinion that in cases of this kind the existence of a virtual monopoly should be frankly recognized, and a public commission empowered to regulate the price that may be charged.

Illinois Central Imbroglio.

The Fish-Harahan strife reached an acute stage in Judge Ball's court in Chicago last week, the decision finally being that the annual meeting shall be postponed until March 2. At that time it will be evident whether Mr. Fish has succeeded in rescuing the road from the clutches of Mr. Harriman. Another personal encounter between Mr. Fish and Mr. Harahan was narrowly averted in the directors' meeting. His proneness to use the fist as an argument does not help Mr. Fish in the eyes of the public, which at first was strongly on his side.

The Walsh Case.

United States Bank Examiner Moxey has accomplished a remarkable feat in the way of consecutive testimony in the Walsh trial, remaining on the stand day after day and disentangling from the bank books and other records a detailed account of the extraordinary use which Mr. Walsh had been making of his depositors' money. It appears that about three-fourths of the money deposited in the Home Savings Bank was loaned to Mr. Walsh's own railroads, without any complaint being made by the inspecting officer of the state. A formidable array of other damaging evidence has been presented by the prosecution. The revelations of the trial are calculated to increase the existing distrust of banks and bankers, and to lead one to ask, What does a man really do with his money when he deposits it in a savings bank?

A Belgian Catholic Church.

Attention is called to the great work being done by the Roman Catholic Church among our foreign populations, by the dedication of a church for the Belgians in Chicago, the thirteenth nationality to have churches of its own of the Catholic faith in this city.

Other Mine Disasters.

The explosion at Monongha chronicled last week has been followed by another in Alabama, involving seventy-five miners, and still another at Jacobs Creek, Pa., where over 200 are imprisoned. The Geologic Survey has announced its intention of establishing a permanent school of mine disasters, that measures may be devised for safeguarding human life. The record in America at present is much worse than in European mines.

The Immigrant Tide.

One million and a quarter of immigrants entered this country in the fiscal year ending June 30, breaking all previous records. Of these two-thirds came from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia and Finland. Japan, Turkey and Greece, while not large in their totals, show an increase of one hundred per cent over previous years.

President Ahearn's Removal.

President Ahearn of Manhattan Borough, removed from office by Governor Hughes for neglect of duty, has been seeking in vain for reinstatement. His fellow-aldermen promptly elected him to succeed himself, but their action was vetoed by the Mayor as palpably illegal.

Busse's School-Board Coup Illegal.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that the Mayor of Chicago has no right to remove members of the School Board. Accordingly Mayor Busse's drastic action in removing five of the Dunne appointees at the beginning of his administration was illegal. The decision was rendered in an obiter dictum, but plainly indicates the attitude of the court. In the light of it the only thing for the Busse appointees to do is to withdraw at once from the positions to which they never had any right. Whether they will do so, or endeavor to gain time by legal tactics, remains to be seen. Mr. Post and the other ousted members who insisted upon carrying the matter to the Supreme Court in the face of ridicule and calumny from the newspapers, have rendered a genuine public service. And the court, which has shown its superiority to political considerations, is also entitled to praise.

Hughes and Taft.

Mr. Taft has arrived in New York after his trip around the world. The condition of his presidential boom hardly warranted any attempt at a public demonstration, and those who anticipated a re-enactment of the scenes at the landing of Mr. Bryan were disappointed. The New York State Republican Committee came very near passing a resolution looking to the presentation of Mr. Hughes' name as the candidate of the Empire State, but at the last moment some of the politicians opposed it as premature. The Governor himself maintains his stoic attitude, and refuses to lend any aid or encouragement to those who are urging his candidacy.

Conditions in Nevada.

President Roosevelt has sent two or three sharp telegrams to Governor Sparks of Nevada, intimating that the state called for federal troops to meet a situation which it was perfectly able to cope with, and serving notice that the troops would be withdrawn until they were needed. The United States does not intend to let its troops be used until the resources of a state have manifestly been exhausted.

W. D. T.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—The mechanic who wishes to do his work well must first sharpen his tools.
MON.—In a state pecuniary gain is not to be considered to be prosperity, but its prosperity will be found in righteousness.
TUES.—Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.
WED.—What needs no display is virtue.
THURS.—If a man take no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.
FRI.—What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others.
SAT.—Man is born for uprightness. —*Confucius.*

Christmas Greeting

Good morning, Lord! For little boys
The day more generous is of joys
Than unto men, they say:
If so, for greater happiness
Teach us Thy holy name to bless
With fuller hearts than they!

John B. Tabb.

Candle-Light

When I've wished on my first star,
While the rest begin,
And the grass is waking up,
Oh, She calls us in!—
Then She calls us in.

But I wouldn't go, unless
I were sure there'd be
Something more like that, indoors,
Something more to see,
Beautiful to see.

So She lights the candle then,
Where the shadows are.
And it stands, and holds its breath;—
Then it makes a Star,—
Then it makes a Star!

I curl up for my good-night,
Dark, where I can see.
And I watch the candle-light
Till it looks at me,
Oh, it looks at me!

—*Josephine Preston Peabody, in Harper's Magazine.*

Independence in Christmas Giving

"I do enjoy my Christmas shopping so much, since my Emancipation Proclamation," said my friend, coming in one winter's day with several fascinating little packages in her hands.

"Your Emancipation Proclamation?" I echoed.

"Yes," she replied, taking off her wraps and sitting down cosily before the crackling wood fire, "that's just what it was. Like most other people, I had been in the habit of giving gifts to the same circle of friends, year after year. Each year, naturally, the circle grew a little larger, and as tastes became cultivated—my own, as well as those of my friends—presents became more and more costly.

"The yearly outgo grew to be something quite out of proportion to my income, and it seemed almost impossible to retrench in the expense.

"Finally, there came a year when I just hadn't another cent to spend, and I found that the gifts for friends of my own social station had cost so much that I hadn't anything at all left for people in need.

"My Christmas was quite spoiled. The true spirit had all gone out of it. So I resolved, at any expense of pride or pleasure, that I would deliberately turn over a new leaf.

"The next year I let all of my friends know, at least a month before Christmas, by various little notes and speeches, dropped where I thought they would do the most good, just how the matter had come to seem to me. I told them that I had decided to give, that year, to no one except those in real need, and that hereafter the needy should always have their just share of the limited amount which I had a right to let myself spend.

"I explained that that would mean that I could only give real keepsake gifts to two or three dear friends each year; and so, as I have a good many friends to whom I want to give presents, several years would have to elapse between the occasions when I could give to any particular one; and no one would ever know when his turn was coming. I might not know myself.

"You can't imagine the comfort I have had since then. No one ever *expects* anything. There is no longer any *exchange* of gifts. When my friends can reasonably give me presents, they do; and when I can, I give my own gifts to them. I give so few that I can take time and thought and pleasure in the selection, too.

"And then, in simple ways, I make a good many poor people, and neglected, *uninteresting* people, and some little children a bit happier each year. I wouldn't go back to the old way of regular giving to my social 'set' for anything!"

And as she opened her packages and showed, with great delight, the presents which she had been buying that afternoon—all sure to carry happiness, because chosen with loving care—I thought her Emancipation Proclamation had indeed brought her real freedom from the tyranny that many of us still let rule over our purses and intellects, as the season of Christmas shopping draws near.—ESTELLE M. HART, in *The Congregationalist and Christian World.*

The Unused Toy

So many strangely silent homes there are,
Where sad-eyed mothers wait
The dawning of the radiant Christmas Star,
Bereft and desolate!

O Christus! as thy birthright draweth near,
Come to each troubled heart,
And grant sweet visions of the Christmas cheer
To those who sit apart.

And do thou gently touch the tear-dimmed eyes,
And open them to see
That they may still be busied, motherwise,
In Christmas ministry.

Where little empty hands expectantly
Await the Christmas joy,
Grant courage, in some dear child's memory,
To give the unused toy.

Thus shall their hearts receive the Christmas Guest,
And know the Christmas cheer;
Thus shall their saddened lives be strangely blessed
When Christmastide draws near.

Edith Virginia Bradt.

Wake me that I, the twelve month long,
May hear the song
About me in the world's great throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas-tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas carol ring.
Deep in my heart, when I would sing,
Each of the twelve good days,
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Ensuring happy months and hallowing common ways.

—*John Keble.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA: THE SWISS CHRISTMAS PRESENT. — Miss Clark, aid to Miss Hobhouse, now in South Africa, now in England, as the need may be, writes as follows "to the friends of the work" from Ficksburg, O. R. C., under date of September 20:

I have been visiting our young branch schools in the Orange River Colony—our grandchildren, so to speak—and I think the supporters of the work will be glad to hear about them. Hitherto, they have been feeling their own way with scarcely any guidance from our experience.

First I went to Winburg, the oldest town in the state, renowned for sheep and proud of its horses. There is an orphanage there, directed by Mr. Pienaar, an able and intelligent man; Mrs. Leopold, who kept house for us at one time at Philippolis, while she learned what weaving she could, is teaching there and has about ten pupils. As the children have school and housework to attend to, they cannot devote enough time to spinning to be fully a success, still I believe the enterprise may turn out useful in scattering a spinning knowledge when these orphans leave their temporary home.

At Brandford there is an orphanage kept by Rev. Stuilting, who spoke with such warm appreciation of the results of our home industries among his people that I felt our work was indeed a benediction. Sari, one of our former pupils, met me at the station looking much stronger and full of pride in her little school. She has a small room in the orphanage and I was pleased to see her pupils and the great interest they take in their work. It is a small beginning, but quite a good one.

From there I went to Ficksburg, where our grandchild is six weeks old; it is a good wool district on the Basuteland border, and is a fine country with rocky "kopjes" and splendid mountain views. One of the trained girls, A. Keyter, is teaching the girls in the old church, which makes a cool and roomy school, for which we do not have to pay rent. I shall never forget the picturesque sight; the church with the unboarded earth floor, the benches cleared away from the transept, and the wheels and spinners installed instead, a loom in the center; everything spoke of new hope and faith. Some of the wheels here were the noted Swiss gift, others came from Germany and from Sweden, where we have found kind supporters. The girls were pleased to be visited, and proud of themselves too. They are a nice looking set of workers.

Next I spent a night at Bethlehem, where there is a committee of ladies very anxious to start our spinning. They showed me most interesting things, for instance, a jersey which had been knitted during the war, for some Boers on commando, out of yarn which had been spun by women who trekked all over the veldt, managing always to evade capture and camp. Nobody seems to know how they learned to spin. Some said an old Kaffir woman taught them, she having learnt in a Basutoland mission; others believe they taught themselves from what they were told by very old people. They used anything they could get hold of as a sewing or a fruit peeling machine. I saw also a saddle girth (plaited) and gloves and stockings, some petticoats, etc. It seemed very romantic.

In all these places I was able to speak about Mr. Milroy coming here again in order to visit such schools and help them. I spoke also about the friends in England and those in America, Germany, Sweden and Switzerland. This made a deep impression on the orphans, poor motherless and homeless things!

In her letter enclosing the above, Mme. degli Asinelli writes thus feelingly of UNITY'S continued support:

This has been the one ray of sun, "gloriously warming," which I have received from America for months. Since your country is passing through such anxious times with this very complicated question of "money panic" and trusts, I have had no happy tidings, not one donation, and have seen no article on our work. Thus UNITY has come like a harbinger of happy news! True, there was nothing to say (though in Switzerland we manage to write all the time, so many are the heart-strings we can "make vibrate"), as our dear Miss Hobhouse, now settled at Pretoria, has no time to send her exqusite circulating letters any more. I do not know how friends will take it; it will be to them a personal loss. I am enclosing a charm-

Highly Commended

A handsome and attractive volume bound in navy blue cloth with red and white lettering and a United States Flag on the back comes from the press of the UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY bearing the title

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

Many UNITY readers who saw the serial articles by Mrs. Florence Shaw Kellogg, published in these columns last year, will welcome the publication in book form of a most interesting and painstaking narrative of the inspiring service of this noble woman, as it is given by her intimate friend. The value of the book is greatly increased by the introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones —who was one of Mother Bickerdyke's hospital boys—and by an appendix describing the National Monument, recently erected at Galesburg, Illinois, together with fine portraits of Mrs. Bickerdyke and of the monument, and pictures of the two houses in which Mother Bickerdyke was born and died.

The book is ordinary 12mo in size and contains 176 pages and will be sent postpaid by the publishers for 75c.

Unity Publishing Company

ing short communication from Mary Clark. I hear from England that the work is now tremendous, very costly and very hopeful. And Switzerland? For these five last months friends have been hard at work and they have managed to collect some most precious implements; by now 21 cases are on the road to rejoice Emily Hobhouse's heart. It is our Christmas gift which, unfortunately, can only reach Pretoria about the 1st of February, but the good news thereof will arrive at Pretoria on the 25th inst. These cases contain: 108 beautiful wheels, 20 wool winders, 2 flag winders, 1 silk winder, 1 silk loom, 12 breakers (instrument to break the flax), and many spindles, spools, distaffs and carders.

We just managed too to collect enough money to convey this consignment to our dear worker's door; and now I sit happy at heart and very poor "in purse," my Boer funds amount to 36 francs. Still that is something.

Further on in her letter occurs this epigrammatic utterance, which I commend to the doubtful and procrastinating:

It is never good to bury our enthusiasm, for there is no resurrection in such a case. M. E. H.

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Lincoln Centre Eisteddvod

The Ancient Competitive Festival of Wales, to be held Jan. 1st, in the Auditorium of Lincoln Centre

The Lincoln Centre and the Kymry Society, conjointly, will present the unique Eisteddfod in one evening session, January 1. UNITY of December 5 noticed the competition test pieces, the prizes, the name of the judges and the conditions of the contests. By all signs, the attendance will be large and competitions will be lively. The exercises will be conducted in English.

Secretary W. ApMadoc, of the Kymry Society, writes of the Eisteddfod as follows in the Drych, the Welsh weekly—our readers will surely enjoy it:

Eisteddfod un-nos, ddiddos dda fydd hon, Ionawr 1taf, yn Auditorium Lincoln Centre, ac o dan nawdd Cymdeithas "Kymry" y South Side, a Lincoln Centre, Chicago, congl Oakwood Boulevard a Langley Ave. Mae cael hyd yn nod un noson o Eisteddfod wedi rhoddi olew ar dafodau Cymry ac Americaniaid, ae y mae y tafodau yn chwyrnellu yn iawn. Mae Cymry y West Side, Cymry yr eglwys Gymreig, a'r ddwy gymdeithas Gymreig ar y South Side, a Cymry ffyddlawn eglwys Humboldt Park, ugeiniau o honynt, fodd bynag, am fod yno mewn hwyl a chan. Bydd Cymry yr ochr ddeheuol yn sicr o fod mewn hwyl, can a chrystadleuaeth ad-daliadol yn Eisteddfod hwyrol Hebron yn ddiweddarach yn mis Ionawr. Testyn traethawd yr wyl ydyw "An Estimate of Theodore Roosevelt, President," dim dros 400 gair, yn Gymraeg neu Saesneg. Testyn tri phenill wyth llinell, "The Automobile." Dyma fantais mewn Cymraeg neu Saesneg i gyfansoddi penillion gorchestol, neu geth-in-uffernol ar y labwst costfawr, ystwrllyd, chwyrnellog a llofruddiog hwn—yn ol tyb a barn y cyfansoddwyr, ac fe wna y coeth a'r diwylliedig Barch. John C. Jones eu tafoli, a gwobrwyo y goren, "yn ol barn a chydwybod." Credir y bydd yr adroddiad Seisnig, a'r darlleniad Cymreig—i rai mewn oed,—dynu allan lawer o gystadleuwyr da, ac fe'u tafolir hwythau gan y Parch. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Parch. John E. Jones, gweinidog eglwys y South Side, a'r Dr. Herbert M. Skinner. Yna, saith cystadleuaeth gerddorol, i'w beirniadu gan y Proffeswr T. S. Lovette, cerddor penigamp, perdonydd godidog, a graddiwr o ysgol athrofaol gerddorol Leipzig. Y Parch. John C. Jones fydd arweinydd y noson, a'r Proffeswr Mason Slade, organydd Lincoln Centre, yn gyfeilydd. Anfonir dau brogram ar dderbyniad stamp un cent. Llywydd y Kymry Society, D. Charles Harries, fydd cadeirydd yr Eisteddfod.

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